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THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

MARVEL DIGITAL COMICS EXCLUSIVE

the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-GIRL

HERE COMES WILDCARD!

Pick a *card*, gentlemen-- *any card!*

Not that it matters.

They all release the same delightful *tear gas*.

W-WHA--?!

Who the--?!

Tom DeFalco & Ron Frenz--script, plot and pencils *Sal Buscema*--finished art
Dave Sharpe--letterer *Bruno Hang*--colorist *Tom Brennan*--editor *Tom Brevoort*--consulting editor
Joe Quesada--editor in chief *Dan Buckley*--publisher *Alan Fine*--executive producer

Somebody ÷koff÷ blast ÷koff÷ that freak!

PAFFT!

C-Can't ÷koff÷ draw a bead on 'im.

PFFT!

I understand you lovely people are engaged in a most entertaining *gang war.*

THOK!

I do hope there is room for an enterprising--

--and, at the risk of sounding immodest, *skillful* freelancer.

SHHHHINKT!

Since only a poet could capture the true artistry of the wonder that is *me*--

--I fear you must participate in this rather dramatic *demonstration* of my athletic prowess.

TWAKK!

SLAM!

KWOK!

Please remember to place your employer's interests *above* your own and strive for *objectivity*--

--when you describe this humiliating *defeat.*

WHOMP!

SIZZAKK!

THWAK!

I...I don't get it, *Marko.* Why's that funny-faced freak beating on the *Black Tarantula's* goons?

You heard the man, *Nunzio.* He's looking for a job.

With *who?*

Anyone that'll hire him.

I hope that ain't *us.*

Why not?

Man like that could come in real handy.

KWAP!

STOMP!

Yeah, but he's a *weirdo--*

--and *sounds* kinda creepy.

"Just a *mask* and a device to disguise his *voice.*"

WHIPP!

WHIPP!

WHIPP!

I dunno about this, Marko.

The Don--he ain't too keen on *crazies* or *costumes!*

Trust me on this, Nunzio!

We're going to need a few crazies and costumes to take down the *Black Tarantula.*

Yo! *Wild Card,* is it?

My name is--

Man Mountain Marko!

Preparation, knowledge and research are their own rewards.

I do hope these pathetic individuals aren't in your employ.

Forget about them! You and me should talk...

My name is *May "Mayday" Parker.*

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Aside from being the daughter of *Spider-Man*--

--I'm also a student at *Midtown High.*

I know I should be paying attention to Mr. Kenning's lecture.

ASSIGNMENT

But all I can think about is the *gang war* that's spreading across my city like a pandemic.

Someone is trying to overthrow the *Black Tarantula,* the current *Crime Czar*--

--who, for reasons I've never fully understood, has often aided me.

Although I promised my *parents* I'd stay out of this mess--

--I recently tried to broker a peace treaty between the *Tarantula* and *Captain Ruiz* of the *NYPD.*

Unfortunately, the opposition heard about the *meet*--

--and everything went *KA-BLUEEEY!*

I'm now on the outs with the *cops...*

The *Tarantula...*

On the *plus* side--

--things can't possibly get much *worse.*

And, it's fairly safe to assume, the *opposition.*

I'm not even counting the fact that my "cousin" *April* has suddenly decided to get all sweaty with my ex-boyfriend *Gene Thompson*.

Of course, she's not really my *cousin*--

--but people would give me a hairy eyeball if I told them she was my *clone*.

At least I pray *she* is the clone.

Care to hit the batting cage later?

Is that a euphemism?

Uhhhh... could be.

Sniff *Sniff*

Pardon me for asking, *Mr. Westin--what the HEY?!*

Sorry for invading your space, *Ms. Parker*.

I had to confirm something before I shot off my mouth.

Ahhh, the fragrant scent of *green apples*--just like I thought!

Oh, great! Wes has been trying to corner me for the past few days and he's finally succeeded.

Might as well get this over with and find out if he really stumbled upon my secret identity.

You got a minute?

There's something we need to get into the open.

What is it?

Let's go to my locker.

It's more private there and--*this is personal!*

I can't believe my *shampoo* gave me away.

He must have gotten a good *whiff* when I recently saved his life.*

*In Web of Spider-Man #3. --Brennan

Feels like I'm walking the last mile.

Can I trust *Wes* to keep my secret?

How will this affect our relationship?

What do we *know* about this guy?

Absolutely NOTHING!

He could be a *plant*--a spy who's secretly working for the *Black Tarantula* or the *cops!*

You're always thinking, *Don Silvio.*

I guess that's why you're the boss of bosses.

But I'm no dummy, either.

I never mentioned your name to *Wild Card*--

--and I gave him a test to *prove* his loyalty.

Sicced him on *Spider-Girl.*

He beats her, good for *us.*

He fails, bad for *him.*

Impressive, Marko.

Very impressive.

We should celebrate. Where's Guido?

He noticed you were running low on wine so he went downstairs to grab a few bottles.

He's in my *wine cellar?!*

"No one is supposed to go down there without my permission!"

Hello--?!

Anybody there?

THKT

Nunzio, ya better not be messing with--*hey!*

YOU?!

W-what are YOU doing here?!

My best bet is to *stonewall* Wes.

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

I'll just deny! *Deny! DENY!*

What? You think I'm *Spider-Girl?* That's the *craziest* thing I've ever heard!

Okay, we're clear.

Now listen, Parker, I don't mean to get caught up in your personal issues.

Ohmigosh! He knows.

He really *knows.*

Things aren't always what they *appear,* Wes.

Tell me about it.

I think *April* posed as you the other day.

She kinda... wellllll....*kissed me*...and that's why I've been acting so weird around you.

What? You think-- *wait!*

That is the craziest thing I've ever heard.

I'm *serious,* May.

I knew something was wrong right away.

It took me awhile to realize that it was her *hair*-- it didn't *smell* like yours.

I'm so sorry for dropping this on you.

You have nothing to apologize for, Wes.

You've been a perfect *gentleman* and a good *friend.*

April, however, has got a lot of explaining to do.

A good friend?

If you only knew...

TING!
KLAK!
SLKT!
LA GRANDE EXCELSIOR BALLROOM
The situation keeps growing more *complicated.*
Not only has *Spider-Girl* turned against you--
--but word on the street has it that *Don Silvio* has recruited some new *costumed player.*
TING!
KLAK!
SLKT!
You worry too much, Chesbro.
I, too, can acquire reinforcements.
But only if you want to drown the city in *blood.*
You need to face facts, *Tarantula.*
Don Silvio has the *momentum.*
It's only a matter of time before he comes for you.
You need to go home and forget *New York.*
Do not underestimate me, Araña!
CLAKK!
War is all about *understanding* your opponent--
--learning his *weaknesses*--
KLAK!
TING!
SLKT!
--his *fears*--
--and *striking* with maximum efficiency.
PTANG!
One should never assume the *Black Tarantula* is at a *disadvantage*--
--especially when I already know Silverback's greatest *fear.*

Why am I so *afraid?*

MIDTOWN HI
WINTER FESTIVAL &

Would it really be so terrible if someone like *Wes*--

--or *Davida*--

--or *Courtney*--

--knew my secret?

April would make the perfect confidant--

--*if* I trusted her.

I know I'll eventually have to confront her about this *Wes* thing.

I'm just not up to it now.

I need to shake out the *cobwebs*--

EXIT

ROOF

--and STRETCH my limbs PARKER-STYLE.

THWIPP!

HOO-HA!

Between constantly racing around to prevent *crimes*--

--or fighting the *super-psycho* of the week--

--I sometimes forget how much I love being *Spider-Girl*.

It's so *wonderful* to kick back and *enjoy* my powers.

I just wish I could do this more--

WHOOPS!

Incoming!

I'm being attacked by-- *a deck of cards?!*

Who am I facing?

The *Old Maid*?

The *Go-Fisher*?!

BWHAM!

PWOF!

BKOW!

WOOMPH!

Th-those gas bombs caught me in mid-swing.

Have to slow down--

THWIPP!

:koff:

:koff:

Okay, maybe I shouldn't have been so patronizing.

--and come in for an emergency landing.

BWOOM!

KWOMP!

SWOKK!

Such stylish *grace!*

Such striking *skill* and endearing *dexterity!*

Your sainted father must be very proud.

Bringing up my dad is always the *best* way to get on my good side, mister.

Based on the *cards* and your *costume,* an obvious name springs to mind--

--but *Nicholson* and *Ledger* already beat you to it!

Strike a *nerve,* did I?

Please accept my humblest and most sincere *apology.*

I have no wish to demean or insult you, my dear girl.

My sole goal is to use my considerable powers of persuasion to stop you from interfering in the *gang war--*

--even if I must beat you into a bloody COMA!

Meanwhile, at Chelsea Piers...

You're *kidding*, right?

This is your idea of a *date*?!

C'mon, April--*go with it!*

May and I used to come here all the time.

May and you--?

Yeah. How's she doing by the way?

She ever talk about me?

What's up with her and Wes?

She's not seeing that comic book geek, is she?

What if she is?

She can do a lot better.

She dated me, didn't She?

And you're such a *prize!*

I hate to brag, but I understand that's what most girls think.

Give me that *bat*--

--and let's just pretend you're the *ball* for a moment.

THWAKK!

SHONKK!

W-Was it something I said?

Nahhh!

I just *lovvvvvvvvvve* living in May's shadow.

While I applaud your zeal and determination--

--you can't dodge my *flash cards* forever, Spider-Girl.

Even with the polarized lenses in your mask, you must be suffering at least partial blindness.

H-how do you know about my mask?

I never reveal a source.

You're going to lose, Spider-Girl.

You can't fight if you can't see.

Actually, I can.

Thanks to my--

Spider-sense?!

Oh, dear! The dreaded *spider-sense!* Your almost mystical instinct which warns you of impending danger.

However will I overcome it?

I know.

I'll design a special *card*.

EEEE

Things can *always* get *worse.*

De los Estados Unidos, Señor.

Gracias.

DAILY BUGLE

STREETS OF FIRE!

DON SILVIO HAS RETURNED WILL YOU?

DON SILVIO HAS RETURNED

WILL YOU?

USMC

War Journal: New entry...
Looks like my retirement is over.
It's back to the trenches for *the Punisher.*
TO BE CONTINUED-!